E458
.4
.S62

E 458
.4
.S62
Copy 1

TRIAL

OF THE

AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

SPEECH

DELIVERED AT LAKE CITY, MINN., JULY, 1864.

BY

HON. MELVILLE C. SMITH.

Peace! blessed and gracious peace! Men of the United States that boon is to be sought across the battle-field.—H. WINTER DAVIS.

Not as we hoped; but what are we?
Above our broken dreams and plans
God lays, with wiser hands than man's
The corner-stones of LIBERTY.—WHITTIER.

Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.—SHAKSPEARE.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE
UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

THE DIVINE ORDEAL.

Oh, God of our Fathers, of Justice and Liberty!
Lend the light of thy smile in our Nation's dark night,
Broad over her sins, spread thy mantle of Charity,
Bless her arm and her faith in defence of the RIGHT!

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

This fiery ordeal through which our country is passing—the furnace-heat of affliction in which it is being tried; the land wet with fraternal blood, and trembling beneath the tread of contending armies, spreading sorrow, desolation and death; while the nation beholds her life flowing out like a mighty river, and stands appalled as she gazes with ghastly eyes into the dark abyss of dissolution—brings us face to face with the questions we have met to consider.

Why, then, is it, grim War stalks through the land? Why these gory battle-fields and silent grave-yards? Why is blood on the nation's garments, and sorrow in the nation's heart? Three short years ago our land was the abode of peace and happiness. No other was as highly favored—enjoyed as great civil and religious liberty—was as blessed in every ramification of society. As a nation we had grown as by enchantment, and every sea was white with the sails of our prosperity. We were not only cherished with paternal care at home, but even in the remote islands of the sea, felt the strong arm of the nation's protection, till it was better to have been born an American than a King. The vast extent of our national domain; our untold resources, rapid increase in population, progress in science, art and literature, under the fostering care of Republican institutions, inspiring liberty-loving hearts, the world over;

exciting fears of usurpers every where, and forcing admiration and respect even from kings and despots—our country stood forth alike the wonder and admiration of the age.

OUR NATIONAL DISEASE.

Such, apparently, was our national condition and thus were we regarded. But beneath all there was a canker gnawing at the nation's heart, a worm eating at its vitals, a venomous serpent poisoning its life-blood and corrupting its soul. It was possessed of a devil—SLAVERY! This is the serpent that entered our Republican Eden, blighting our hopes and blasting our prosperity. This that has palsied the public conscience and dragged the nation to its slaughter-cart through the blood of its sins and the filth of its iniquities ; this that has clothed the nation in the habiliments of mourning, sunk it in melancholy, and thrown over it the solemnity of the tomb. This is the source of our sorrows—the heartless fountain-head of our universal lamentation and grief—this that causes strong men to toil with heavy hearts, and soldiers to march the streets with arms reversed, in token of respect to our loved and honored dead. It is the withering curse of Slavery!—Slavery, that like a foul spectre has invaded every hearth-stone, and with its bloody hand plucked a flower from the wreath that encircled the family altar ; Slavery, that having exhausted the catalogue of lesser crimes, turned national assassin : and even this Rebellion, wicked and atrocious as it is, is but a symptom of the disease—an outgrowth of this hell-born villainy.

This war is but a struggle between antagonistic principles,—a hand-to-hand contest between right and wrong, justice and injustice, liberty and slavery, God and the Devil. Stripped of its cob-webs, shorn of its mean subterfuges, it is this—only this. Milton in portraying the conflict between Gabriel and Lucifer had no better example. Heaven and Hell could not have an issue more absolute and perpendicular. No human agency can thrust itself between the opposing forces. The issue is made, the conflict has begun ; Treason cast the die ; Slavery has crossed the Rubicon and challenges Freedom to battle. "By the Eternal" she shall be met!

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY, THE COMBATANTS.

Behold the combatants! Look upon the distorted features of Slavery, frenzied with passion, purple with audacity, grim with brutal instincts, and black with sin! She bends her bow with a poisoned arrow—holds in her skeleton hand the shackle and the branding iron; and at her back are the blood-hound, auction block and burning fagot. She was conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, has feasted upon the blood of innocence, and is backed by all the imps of hell.

Freedom, unappalled, is radiant with divine love; her heart is nerved with unfaltering faith; she is mailed in the armor of justice; with eagle eye and divine certainty she measures the Moloch which, under Providence, she is to bind and hand over to God for judgment. She knows her ancient enemy. Angel hands have already encircled her brow with the garlands of victory and her face is wreathed with the smile of assured triumph. Hers is the spirit of Liberty—part of the Divine in man. It combines with his highest and noblest aspirations, and constantly struggles toward the Godhead;—advancing step by step with the progress and development of the race. It is not of low birth or sickly growth. Planted by the Divine hand, it has been bedewed with the tears of nations, watered with the blood of heroes and enriched by the ashes of noble martyrs; till now, in the noon of the nineteenth century, it has culminated in an issue between Liberty and Tyranny, good and evil, the divine and devilish, in a sublimer conflict, and on a grander arena than the world before ever saw.

Such, fellow-citizens, are the combatants—such the principles and issues between which we are to decide. To prove this, and the better to understand each other, let us go back a little in our national history; actuated by a spirit of honest inquiry, the lamp of our past experience may throw light on our future pathway.

OUR NATIONAL BIRTH—SPIRIT OF THE FATHERS.

What, then, were the circumstances under which our Government was founded, and what, at that eventful period, was the spirit that inspired the fathers?

The circumstances all converged toward liberty. The nation was born of persecution, and consecrated to Freedom by the the blood of its martyrs. "*For conscience' sake*," they fled from persecution in the Old World that they might enjoy religious liberty in the New. Bidding farewell to home and its endearments, they launched their frail bark on an unknown ocean, to plant themselves on a barren and inhospitable shore; their food, their raiment and their strength, being the immortal principles by which they were inspired. Certainly, if "prosperity begets oppression," strength and success, slavery; then colonies planted by religious martyrs who braved ocean's storms, cold, hunger, and the tomahawk of the merciless savage, must contain the seeds of liberty.

Such were the circumstances; and can we believe that while these infant colonies were struggling for their very life against famine, foreign exactions and brutal savages, or amid the trials and bloody sacrifices of the Revolution, our fathers forgot their faith and proved recreant to their high trnst? God forbid! Thank Heaven, they need no weak words of mine in their vindication.

Let us turn to the pages of history, for as Lord Coke has well said, "One man averreth one thing, and another, another; but *the verity is the record.*"

Listen to the words of the Continental Congress:—"Let it ever be remembered that the rights for which we have contended were the rights of *human nature.*" Read the Declaration of Independence, proclaiming that "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL;" the Constitution of the United States, solemnly declaring, that it was made "to establish *justice* and secure the blessings of *Liberty.*"

Note the language of the General Assembly even of the Slave State of Georgia:

"To show the world that we are not influenced by any *interested or contracted motives, but by a general philanthropy for all mankind*, of whatever climate, language or *complexion*, we hereby declare our disapprobation and *abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America.*"

Listen to the "Father of our Country:"

"I can only say, that *there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery.*"

Hear James Madison:

"We have seen *mere distinction of color* made, in the most enlightened period of time, *a ground of the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man.*"

Hear James Monroe:

"This evil (slavery) has preyed upon the very vitals of the Union, and has been prejudicial to all the States in which it has existed."

Alexander Hamilton said:

"Natural liberty is the gift of the beneficent Creator to the *whole human race.*"

Franklin said:

"Slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature."

Patrick Henry said:

"I deplore slavery with all the pity of humanity; I repeat again, it would rejoice my soul that every one of my fellow-beings were emancipated."

Hear the following charge from Thomas Jefferson against the British King:

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, capturing and carrying them into slavery into another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. *This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers,* is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain. Determined to keep a market where men should be bought and sold, he has at length prostituted his negative for suppressing any legislative attempt to prohibit and restrain *this execrable commerce.*"

It is useless to adduce further evidence of a fact known to all students of our early history, and not denied, by even the slaveholders themselves. From their many admissions on the floors of Congress, I submit the following:

"The gentleman refers to the sentiments of distinguished Revolutionary men, and asks me if I repudiate them. Sir, *many of those sentiments, of course, I repudiate; many of those sentiments are false in philosophy and unsound in fact.*"—*Ex-Gov. Smith, of Va.*

"The Declaration of Independence has certain political and social dogmas, some true and philosophical, others fanatical and false."—*U. S. Senator Chestnut of S. C.*

"Negro slavery is but in its infancy—it is a mere problem of our Government; *our fathers did not understand it.* I GRANT THAT ALL THE PUBLIC MEN OF THE SOUTH WERE ONCE AGAINST IT, BUT THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND IT."—*Alex. H. Stephens.*

Thus page upon page might be given, proving our fathers' love of liberty, and that they everywhere proclaimed to princes and plebeians, to all nations, civilized and savage, that the rights for which *they* contended were the rights of "*Universal Human Nature.*" This great fact is shown in all their acts, civil and military. It is the idea that gleamed from their sabers, flashed from their rifles, and thundered from their cannon—this that nerved their sturdy arms and inspired their patriotic hearts. They banished the word slavery from the Constitution; barred its polluting tread from every foot of national soil; stigmatized the slave-trade as piracy; organized emancipation societies, and looked forward prayerfully and trustfully to its extinction, supposing, in their mistaken magnanimity, they were extending to it the brief hospitality of a transient life. They saw not the monster coiled in the serpent's egg, which the cotton gin was to nourish into life; nor the rise of wicked men who would fold its coils around the statue of Liberty which they had erected, until feasted and fattened upon the life of the nation, it should, bloated with crimes, turn destroyer. They planted the tree, which, had we properly pruned, would forever have borne the fruits of liberty. Let the nation in its manhood be as true to the spirit, as strong in the faith, as brave in the defense of their Gospel of Liberty, as were the fathers in the days of its infancy.

SLAVERY—ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS.

Slavery from the first has been our evil genius, and is in its very nature, "*evil and only evil, and that continually.*" It chatelizes the black, brutalizes the white, and meanly robs labor of its just reward; it nullifies the relation of husband and wife; ruthlessly violates those of parent and child; and brutally makes merchandise of the bones, blood and souls of men. It pays a premium on the basest licentiousness, by making the sale of one's own offspring a profitable sin;—incarcerates

the mother in a dungeon for teaching the mutual child of herself and master to read the bible ; it strikes down every guarantee of human nature, and makes the charitable instincts of humanity a crime ; tramples upon the attributes of the mind ; dwarfs the soul, and lays waste the heart's best affections. It has been well said, " the best of slavery, is but slavery at best." It is the upas, rank with the blood of innocence, and with death-dews dripping from its every leaf. It is the sinful embodiment of the most monstrous crimes. More it could not be —*less would not be Slavery.*

To us, as a nation, it has been the curse of curses—a cancer that no appliances could purify, no opiates soothe. It diffused its leprous poison, palsying the nation's life, and corrupting its heart—its virus permeating the whole body, rendering the South over-bearing, tyrannical and brutal ; the North truckling, subservient, and despicable—dwarfing its manhood, yielding up its rights, and meanly submitting to the most unreasonable exactions. They knew " no North, no South, no East, no West,"—*no nothing!* They mocked at higher law, and ruthlessly trampled on the divine rights of humanity.

Slavery, at first weak, and existing by mere sufferance, but favored by a congenial soil, vitalized by a wonderful mechanical invention—at first tolerated, then fostered by the government—gradually became a devouring monster. It made war against weaker nations ; issued Ostend manifestoes, robbed and fillibustered ;—demoralized our statesmen and debauched our people ; while the church reposed in its slimy embrace, and it roosted and rotted in the high places of power. It weakened our friends abroad, and our best apologies have caused a blush of shame to mantle our cheeks. It branded its degrading character upon the brow of the nation ; fastened its fangs upon her heart, and is to-day feasting upon her life's blood.

Here I would gladly drop this part of my subject, but as Slavery and Rebellion are essentially *one*, and as the pro-slavery saints of these latter days attempt to defend their atrocious assassination of the Government under the plea that slavery is a blessing, and the rebellion the result of Northern aggression, I must tarry by the way to tread down these

groundless assumptions. Would I had time to *post the books in full;* but upon this and all other points touched, I am compelled, by the brief period allotted, to content myself with a hurried statement of facts, without stopping to present proof at length, or to make extended comments.

Slavery a blessing! How, and to whom? How is it, that there is, relatively, so much more ignorance,—so much less intelligence in the South, than North—there being, as compared to the North, more than ten to one above the age of twenty-one, who can neither read nor write? In Connecticut, one in 568—in North Carolina, one in every seven.* Massachusetts, that State of blind fanaticism, has more volumes in its public libraries than all the slave states put together—gives away yearly more to missionary and benevolent societies, and prints and circulates as many newspapers, and has for the last twenty years. One out of 2,362 of the population of Massachusetts annually produces useful inventions, while in South Carolina, one to 55,708,—twelve inventions in the whole State all told. In the absence of information as to the character of these, it would be reasonable to suppose the majority pertained to improved shackles and thumb-screws!

The direful effects of slavery upon soil, wealth and progress in all their forms, are equally apparent. The little city of Lowell produces fabrics exceeding in value more than one-half the former exports of South Carolina. (She is exporting considerably less for some seasons past!) Therefore, two cities like Lowell, were of more commercial consideration than the

* It is shown in the tables given by Mr. Olmstead, in his "Sea-board Slave States," that Maine with a native white population of 549,674, had but 1,999 illiterate adults; North Carolina, with 550,267, had 73,226; Massachusetts, with 819,044, had but 1,055 illiterate; Virginia, with 871,393, had 75,868. In Rhode Island, of 119,975, there were 981 illiterate; in Louisiana, of 187,558, there were 14,950.

The Census Report shows, that of native white and free colored, in Alabama, 8·06 per cent. were illiterate, but in Connecticut only 0·39 per cent.; in Georgia, "the Empire State of the South," as she was called, 7·97 were illiterate, but in Massachusetts, only 0·22 per cent.; in South Carolina 5·99 per cent. were illiterate, but in New Hampshire, only 0·31, and in Maine, but 0·39—thus showing that while Loyalty follows Education, Treason and Ignorance everywhere go hand in hand.

whole of this braggadocio State. The same lands which in South Carolina, cursed with slavery, bring but two dollars per acre, would, if situated in Massachusetts, bring $100.

Massachusetts, with a population of 1,231,065, and an area of 7,800 square miles, has a valuation of $815,237,433. Virginia has a population of 1,399,731, and an area of 61,352 square miles, and a valuation of only $793,249,681—less by $21,937,752 than that of Massachusetts. Possessing an area almost nine times as great as Massachusetts; water-power a hundred-fold greater; a soil of unsurpassed fertility; rich mineral deposits; one of the best harbors on the continent; hundreds of miles of navigable rivers; yet with all these advantages—the elements of an empire within herself—the real estate of the Old Dominion is valued at $57,461,937 less than that of the little Bay State. Her personal property—even including her 273,170 negro slaves, worth, at less than an average valuation, $150,000,000—is estimated at $62,675,543 less than that of Massachusetts.

Maryland and North Carolina together, having a population of 281,327 greater than Massachusetts, and a joint area of 55,500 square miles, have a valuation—including slaves valued at $229,800,000—less by $79,498,034 than Massachusetts. The real estate of Massachusetts, with only 7,800 square miles of sterile soil, is valued at $475,413,165, which is $31,821,345 more than the value of the real estate of North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas combined! The real property of New York exceeds by more than $10,000,000 the combined valuation of the same kind of property in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas!

The three States of New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, have a population of 9,133,511, which is 1,438,855 more than the entire population, slave and free, of the eleven rebel States, while these same States have a valuation of $119,781,815 greater than all the so-called Confederate States. And this is the pitiful showing of the rebel States, even after allowing them the undue advantage of reckoning their slaves *both* as property and population!

Now for a moment contrast New York with Virginia. By the census we find that New York in 1790, contained 340,120 inhabitants, and Virginia 748,308. In 1850, just sixty years afterward, the census shows New York to contain a population of 3,097,394, and Virginia, 1,421,661.

The exports of New York, in 1791, amounted to $2,505,465, whilst the exports of Virginia were $3,130,865. In 1852, the exports of New York amounted to $87,484,456, whilst those of Virginia amounted to $2,724,657. The imports of the two States in 1790 were nearly equal. In 1853, New York imported the enormous sum of $178,270,999, and Virginia $399,004! In 1850, the products of manufactures, mining, and the mechanical arts in New York, amounted to $237,597,249; those of Virginia amounted to only $29,705,387. In 1850, the value of real and personal property in Virginia, including negroes in the term "property," was $391,646,438; the same in New York, exclusive of man-chattels, was $1,080,309,216.

In 1856, the real and personal property assessed in the city of New York, was in the aggregate, $511,740,491, showing that the city of New York can buy the whole State of Virginia, negroes and "First Families" included, and have a surplus of $120,094,053 for pocket change!

The annual cotton crop of the South, previous to the rebellion, amounted to $78,264,928. The hay crop of the free States $142,138,998, or considerably *more in value than all the cotton, tobacco, rice, hay, hemp, and sugar-cane of all the slave States put together!* The wheat crop of 1862, while we were struggling with this gigantic rebellion, amounted to $250,000,000; even our potatoes, for the same year, were worth in round numbers, $100,000,000, or nearly a quarter more than the kingly crop of the South; and the corn alone to $449,000,000—more than *five times* the value of the boasted cotton crop. Cotton never *has* been king—certainly is not now, and never will be.

Thus, volumes might be cited showing, by facts and figures arrayed in solid columns, that slavery is not only a political and moral evil, but a financial curse to every rood of territory upon which its dark shadow falls, and that beneath its polluted tread, even the soil itself sickens and dies.

NORTHERN AGGRESSIONS.

New York, with a population equalling eleven of the slave States, has had two senators to their twenty-two. Maine, with more than double the white population of South Carolina, has had only an equal number of representatives,—the South being allowed, in virtue of slavery, some twenty members on the floors of Congress to *mis*represent the interest of the slave. Of the high offices, the South had the Presidency forty-eight years to our twenty-six; President of the Senate, sixty-two, to our eleven; Speaker of the House, forty-five to twenty-five; Secretary of State, forty to twenty-nine; Attorney-General, forty-two to twenty-seven; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, fifty-seven to our nine years.

Thus it is proved that by far the greater part of the time the chief places of power and trust have been held by Southern men. It might also be shown, that they filled a large portion of the small balance with northern tools, selected to do their bidding! Nor has the South been content with nearly all the high offices, but has claimed the subordinate places as well. Notwithstanding her marked inferiority in numbers, and still greater inferiority in general intelligence, she had in the War, Treasury, and other Departments of the Government, 806 clerks, to our 441; or nearly two-thirds when she was entitled to only about one-fourth.

Then consider for a moment the vast amounts expended for Territories in the interests of Slavery—Louisiana, Florida, Texas, etc.; costing the Government—war-expenditures, removal of Indians, pensions, and all included—the enormous sum of $842,764,928. And this, with millions sunk annually through Southern post-offices, makes up a vast aggregate, more than three-fourths of which was paid by the revenues of the North. *Oh, "the aggressive North!"**

Well might Senator Hammond of South Carolina say—"The

* The foregoing statistics are mainly compiled from various public documents. I am also indebted to "Helper's Impending Crisis," to a compilation which appeared in the New York *Tribune*, to Hon. J. J. Perry, and Miss Anna E. Dickinson.

North are told, and believe, that we are weak, and in the face of the fact that we have been strong enough to control this Government ever since it was established; " and John C. Breckenridge state—" We have the courts, laws, &c., *all our own way;* " or Mr. Stephens exclaim—" THE SOUTH NEVER ASKED FOR WHAT SHE DID NOT GET!"

Freedom the aggressor! This is adding insult to injury, and ought to more than fill the measure of even slave-holding audacity. It was Slavery that basely polluted the shrine of Liberty at which the fathers worshiped, and treated with practical atheism the principles they taught. Slavery that made the Supreme Court simply a wicked instrument for recording its decrees, wanting in every element of sound law, and disgraceful to civilization. Slavery that molded Presidents and Cabinets to its unhallowed demands—laid its polluting hand upon Congress, shaping its dough-faces into vessels of dishonor suited to its own distorted imagination. Slavery that has cast a shadow over the good name of some of our great men; dug the political graves of many of our little men, like Franklin Pierce, deep in infamy; and has caused others, like Buchanan, to crawl the earth with the brand of Cain upon their brows; to honest men, objects of loathing and contempt! Slavery that in its malign influence has raised up political grub-worms that gnawed liberty out of the Constitution—aye, even generated weak and wicked *ministers* to claim for it Divine origin, and to interpret the Bible as a slave-holding ordinance.

> "A canting crew,
> So smooth, so godly, and so devilish too,
> Who armed at once with prayer-books, and with whips,
> Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips;
> Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
> Make this world hell in honor of the next."

Slavery, mad with ambition and plethoric with sin, sought to abrogate the right of petition; failing to betray and obtain California, for months fought against her admission as a free state; connived at, or openly supported the foreign slave-trade; tried to buy, and showed a strong disposition to *steal* Cuba, and sought in ways unspeakably mean to force slavery on free territory;

subjected—as under the brutal code in New Mexico—free white persons to be whipped by their employers, and denying them redress in the courts; inflicting, as in Kansas, cruel and unheard of punishments for imaginary offences.

Slavery compelled Northern men when South, to wear padlocks on their lips, and to forswear their manhood; while the braggarts of the South could overrun the North, and with insolent menaces threaten all who cherish the spirit of freedom. It robbed mails; mobbed peaceful assemblages; dragged Garrison by a rope round his neck through the streets of Boston, and murdered Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois;—the dogs of slavery who did this dirty work being stimulated in their Christian and Constitutional efforts, by offers from their Southern brethren of fabulous sums for the heads of these persecuted martyrs! Slavery hung John Brown, who, compared with Governor Wise, and the best of his accusers, was a hero, a patriot, and a saint. Slavery, that in cases of insurrection required us to peril our lives in returning women and children to a bondage worse than death; that under the infamous slave-bill made us chase the fleeing fugitive, combined with the impudent assertion, that the existence, or even extension of slavery, was none of our business—leaving the unpleasant inference, that we either stole other people's legs to run with, or else had no interest in our own!

Yielding to its rapacious demands we purchased territory from the French, stole from the Indians, and robbed from Mexico. We lavishly gave blood and treasure to force slavery on the red man, and to plunder a neighboring Republic, that we might lay our ill-gotten gains at the feet of this insatiable Moloch. We repeatedly settled it by "*compromise*," but it wouldn't *stay settled.*

Territory that belonged to Freedom by divine right—which she afterwards bought at a poor bargain in the compromise of 1820—we suffered to be filched from us by the infernal legislation of '54—in the meantime having sandwiched our menial service to sin by a fugitive slave act, more hellish in its instincts than ever disgraced any nation on God's green earth which had ability enough to write its own record. It mutilated our litera-

ture; disrupted our churches; infused its venomous poison into tracts circulated by our Bible Societies; stifled our presses; practically suspended the writ of Habeas Corpus; and, in a large portion of the Union, by turns as suited its caprices, tarred and feathered, or cruelly murdered all who assumed the prerogative of freedom of speech—American citizens being treated in their own country with a tyranny more tyrannical, a despotism more despotic than they would receive at the hands of the most barbarous nation on earth—neither the flag nor the Constitution being any protection against the brutalizing effects of slavery. Slavery seized even free men of color at the North; could, and did, take them from vessels trading at southern ports, impress and sell them to pay their jail fees—under the rule of men-stealers, the Constitution, notwithstanding its guarantees, being powerless to protect men in their *freedom*, but all powerful to reduce free men to *slavery*; and when Massachusetts sent Mr. Hoar to test such proceedings before even South Carolina judges, he was driven from the State by a mob!

Thus the disease grew, and the poison spread, and by flattery and frauds, violence and brutality, the South pushed her aggressions, the North tamely submitting, begging for rights she should have demanded, bearing wrongs and forbearing censure until an insignificant minority of slave-holders prostituted this great Government to their own base purposes. Thus we lived this hypocritical sham, vainly fancying we could crucify humanity, outrage justice, and cheat the Almighty of our inevitable destiny.

KANSAS.

This brings us to Kansas, where the darkest and most damnable page in our nation's history was written in blood;—a page the American historian will ever regard with burning shame and indignation, and those of other countries with utter horror and contempt. Here Slavery with relentless energy combined all its malign influences to rob Freedom of her birth-right. This infant Territory, while in its very cradle, was swept by famine, fire and blood. Ruffians, thieves and murderers, overran her virgin soil, while *the National Government*, to its everlasting shame and disgrace, was *a party* to the conspiracy of fraud and

violence, by which she was to be forced into the polluting embrace of Slavery. It sent successive Governors who, finally shrinking from the brutal work assigned them, were themselves in turn cruelly persecuted. It appointed men to high offices of trust and power whose arms were red to the very elbows with the blood of their murdered countrymen. Even meetings were held publicly to endorse and approve the most lawless violence and diabolical outrages, which were presided over, and had for their leading spirits, declared law-makers and others high in authority. Elections were carried without votes; authority established without law, and the most outrageous penalties attached to these bogus enactments—making the least offenses against Slavery punishable with banishment or death; declaring it felony, with long and cruel imprisonment, to give a famishing fugitive a cup of water, and inflicting cruel and malicious punishments for expressing the sentiments of the immortal Declaration of Independence. Men were shot down in broad day-light, and no efforts made to bring the guilty assassins to trial. Thus died Barber, Jones, Dow and others. L. P. Brown, seized by a band of ruffians, seeing they were intent on his murder, begged that he might have arms to contend for his life with any two, four, or even the whole villainous horde. Fiendishly denying him this poor privilege they literally hacked him to pieces. When thus mangled and in the very agonies of death, they spit tobacco in his eyes, and threw him into his own yard to die!

This was one of five sons of John Brown who were sacrificed to slavery. Another, after being killed, they skinned and hung up in what they called a college in Virginia. *Do you marvel that John Brown hated slavery?*

Col. Jennison, so frequently slandered by pro-slavery copperheads, is from Livingston County, N. Y.—a man of delicate constitution, educated and gentlemanly, by profession a physician. His wife and child being attracted to the door by a border ruffian horde that was passing, were both shot dead. Do you wonder Jennison doubts the *divinity* of Slavery?

But why particularize, where fraud, violence and murder were the rule; the wholesale commission of which makes up

this transcendent record of infamy. Of course the Government was appealed to in vain, and although it could call forth the Army and Navy to drive justice from the Boston Court-house, that it might seize an innocent black man, it declared in words of imbecility and infamy, that it was powerless to protect its own citizens in Kansas! And thus an administration that contracted and expanded its means of power and perfidy at will, delivered this infant settlement over to the tortures of slavery and death—an act of merciless, cold-blooded atrocity by the side of which common murder whitens into innocence.

God bless these our suffering countrymen, who through long weary years of blood and persecution were forced to tread the wine-press of oppression, and who, with sublime faith, divine courage and unfaltering devotion, like the old Covenanters of Scotland, rescued the "Ark of Liberty" with their own blood. May Heaven's curse rest on an Administration that would strip from a virgin territory the Almighty's signet of Freedom; basely violate a national compact, and break down every bulwark of Liberty, that it might have fresh fields for its sins and brutalities! Was not an Administration which was the wicked and eager instrument of Slavery, and which used its powers to subvert the principles it was sworn to subserve, well fitted and prepared to tear down, with its blood-stained hands, the pillars of the Government itself?

THE CULMINATION.

These, fellow-citizens, in brief outline, are the successive steps that culminated in a *Rebellion*, which, in its perjured wickedness, the vastness of its proportions, its relentless purpose, its frenzied brutality, in greatness of the issues involved, is unparalleled in history. In the grand roll of time our nation's grist has been reached, and is now being ground in the mills of God.

> "Those mills of God! those tireless mills!
> I hear their ceaseless throbs and thrills:
> I see their dreadful stones go round,
> And all the realms beneath them ground;
> And lives of men, and souls of States
> Flung out, like chaff, beyond their gates."

Through long years of peace the land had been surfeited with

plenty. Low ambition had eaten out patriotism, and prosperity paralyzed the public conscience. Occasionally some far-seeing soul would cry, "danger ahead!" But we had not Christ aboard; and for want of a strong moral arm at the tiller the old ship of state gradually neared the rocks. At last she struck; the land trembled as with the throes of an earthquake, and the nation awoke from its sleep of slavery and sin!

> Thank God! the death-like, strange repose,
> The horrid paralytic rest
> Is ended, and a Nation's breast,
> Fired with the old-time spirit, glows!

The first shot that hissed through the air at Sumter was the sinful embodiment—the condensed expression—of the vileness of slavery. It marked an epoch in the world's moral history; for in challenging the nation to arms it summoned itself to judgment. What an hour! The patriots of the Revolution must have turned in their coffins, and the spirits of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and the mighty dead, gathered over that beleaguered fortress! *That* shot sounded the death-knell of Slavery, and opened the door for the nation's deliverance. *We* didn't mean abolition, but the *shot* did. Neither did our fathers in 1775 intend Independence; but Liberty when aroused makes thorough work—in the words of John Hampden —"takes no step backwards."

We bore insults so long, and the night of our degradation was so dark, that many brave souls wearied watching for the coming day; but the first shot belched by rebel cannon broke the nation's nightmare. The long roll sounded and she stood forth nobly to her work! Her heart that was pulseless, beat with the newness of life; traitors were floated like dead wood on the resistless current, or consumed by the burning indignation of the people. Old and young caught the spirit of the fathers—Liberty vitalized even conservatism into life—parties were lost in patriotism, and the nation with the sword of justice uplifted, beneath the folds of the time-honored flag, swore Freedom should not perish!

"As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men,
To battle to the death."

Slavery here as elsewhere, acted in keeping with her base record, and added to her long black catalogue of crimes this crowning infamy—fathomed this utmost depth of possible sin—without a shadow of cause or provocation. To the very hour she consummated her hell-born villainy by open attack on Sumter's starving garrison, she had been treated with a kindness and magnanimity to which she was in no way entitled; but, as ever before, she was spoiling for a fight—resolved not be reconciled. Her defenders must needs add to the measure of their iniquities. Sacred compromises abrogated, plighted faith violated, constitutional obligations nullified, and outrages perpetrated, were not enough. They seized property of the Government and interfered with its jurisdiction; robbed arsenals and treasury; drove away officers discharging legitimate duties; raised military and took possession of forts; and, with their stolen goods and munitions, made war upon an unarmed vessel covered by our flag.

President Lincoln was a man of known conservative tendencies. The almost united North solemnly protested against the charge of Abolitionism. We disclaimed, explained, and apologized to Slavery as though it were the very god claimed by its devotees. The inaugural of the President, his expressed willingness to have the Constitution amended; the votes of both Senate and House, the Peace Congress—*all attest* our horror of war, our love of peace—our willingness to sacrifice just rights that slavery might be more than safe. Our kindness was met by insolence; our protestations fell on deaf ears, and our overtures were maliciously spurned.

Even after all this, with a patient forbearance and fatherly kindness, apparently bordering on weakness, the President tried every conceivable expedient to win the "erring sisters" back. After acts calculated to rouse the most fiery indignation, the Government so passively submitted itself, that the traitors could

find no better pretext for assassination than the sending provisions to a starving garrison.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

How much of history is crowded into the few brief months that followed! How various the emotions it calls up! How we felt when we heard the old flag had been fired upon—Massachusetts boys murdered in Baltimore! How our blood grew hot; how it came and went as we read of a skirmish, or some new victim to treason and death! How we grieved for Ellsworth, the Warren of our struggle—how we lamented Lyon, the Leonidas of the War—how we mourned for Baker, the Hampden of Liberty! How, by and by, weak souls, poisoned by Slavery, quibbled over the right of coercion—talked of the superiority of Southern chivalry and our poor prospect of success! How slowly we put on the mantle of manhood and asserted our equality; how leniently we dealt with traitors, issuing menial proclamations through our Generals in command, until loyal men blushed from very shame, and felt to cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long!"

"When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy! when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but MEN;
Flowers of the heart, oh God, are they!
Let them not pass like weeds away—
Their heritage a sunless day!
God save the people!"

With what eager malignity Despotism scented the blood of Liberty, and the whole horde of aristocratic papers, headed by the London *Times*, howled upon our track! With what brutal rejoicing their presses and orators derided us! "Democratic institutions were a failure." "The Republican bubble had burst." The Goddess of Liberty was assassinated in the house of her friends, and the dogs of despotism rushed with swift feet to the feast of blood. But, behold, the nation was not dead! Waking from her torpor she rose like a strong man, and with one glance from her eagle eye sent these hounds crouching back to their kennels.

Those were the evil days when a wicked ruler of a great city proposed she should set up for herself; when the nation was to be divided into petty states; the body politic torn limb from limb, and New England—God bless her! was to be left out in the cold. We have no fears of that now. All loyal States, at least, have vindicated their nationality. So much has passed into history,—not one confederate State among them. There is no fear of the West separating from the East. We are now pledged to each other, not only in long years of glorious history, but in toils, sacrifices and death, shared on many a battle-field in defense of a common country, and with a love cemented with our blood, and solemnly consecrated by the graves of our heroic dead.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE SOUTH.

We never had fears for New England; we knew she was too patriotic to *go* out of the Union, and too plucky to be *put* out. She had no need to remind us of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill; much less to proffer us, so early in the contest, the pledge of her fidelity in Baltimore, sealed with her blood. Reconstruct without New England!—Well, I don't belong in any sense to the "let-'em-go geographers." I wouldn't give up to treason the muddiest bayou in Louisiana, the meanest patch of swamp in Florida, while there was an unshattered arm left to defend it. But did my unionism admit of comparisons, before I would part with New England—with glorious old Massachusetts—with the most ragged rock in it—I would kick South Carolina, with her nest of secession whelps, into the middle of the Atlantic!

Why shouldn't I? Have I not shown the miserable inferiority of South Carolina in every moral and material aspect? At the risk of comparisons that may be odious—to copperheads, I will add, that with all her boasted patriotism, *Massachusetts furnished twelve times as many men as she did in the Revolutionary struggle; and eleven thousand more than the whole blatant South put together!* Even Connecticut furnished more than all the South except Virginia. All New England raised nearly double their quota—the South didn't half fill hers. The despised

"fanatics of Massachusetts" turned out eighty-three thousand strong for Liberty, and the "glorious old commonwealth of Georgia" 2,679! The South, then as now, was prolific in traitors. It would seem the Almighty condemned it to treason. South Carolina could not protect herself against her own Tories, and to-day there are bleaching in her sands the bones of more New England men who went there to defend her than she furnished in the whole war of Independence. I will add for the benefit of her copperhead friends, that in furnishing means to prosecute the struggle, and in all other indications of patriotism, the record of the South is *equally* favorable!

And *these* are the men, forsooth, who assume to be our superiors, and to lord over us! It was before this noble aristocracy of *women-whippers and baby-stealers that our own bastard aristocracy truckled and fawned.* Having few friends with our intelligent middle classes, they had many among the rich and mean, the low and miserable. They attracted the scum on the surface, the dregs at the bottom—were the *ton* at Saratoga and Newport, and the political gods of the Five Points; while the South itself, was like a vast potato field—the best part under ground.

The aristocracy of Nature, I revere,—this base *counterfeit*, I despise! These traitors, both North and South, find their counterpart only in the Tories of the Revolution. To claim that they, in any sense, represent our *loyal* ancestors is the basest sacrilege. Our Fathers loved Liberty and hated Slavery—*they* love Slavery and hate Liberty.

PATRIOTIC SIRES AND DEGENERATE SONS.

Again I appeal to the record:—

George Washington to General Lafayette:

"I agree with you cordially in your views in regard to negro slavery. I have long considered it a most serious evil, both socially and politically, and I should rejoice in any feasible scheme to rid our States of such a burden. The Congress of 1787 adopted an ordinance which prohibits the existence of involuntary servitude in our North-western Territory forever. I consider it a wise measure. *It met with the assent and approval of nearly every member from the States more immediately interested in slave labor.* The prevailing opinion in Virginia is against the spread of Sla-

very in our new Territories, and I trust we shall have a confederacy of *free States.*"

Reply to the above by Jeff. Davis :

"Thus, for a long period, error scattered her seed broad-cast, while reason, in over-confidence, stood passive. The recent free discussions, by the press and in the forum, have dispelled delusions which had obscured the minds of a generation, until even among *ourselves* it was more easy to find the *apologist* than the defender."

Hear Thomas Jefferson :

"We must wait with patience the working of an over-ruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our *brethren.* When the measure of their tears shall be full; when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress. NOTHING IS MORE CERTAINLY WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF FATE THAN THAT THIS PEOPLE SHALL BE FREE."

Answer by Alexander Stephens :

"Jefferson, Madison, Washington and many others, were tender of the word slave in the organic law, and all looked forward to the time when the institution of slavery should be removed from our midst as a trouble and a stumbling block. . . . . Jefferson rightly saw that the old Union would some day break upon this rock. . . . . *The prevailing idea was, that the slavery of the African race was a violation of the rights of nature.* . . . . *But these ideas were fundamentally false*; the foundations of the edifice rested upon the sand. Our new Government is based on quite opposite ideas. *Its foundations are laid upon the great truth that Slavery*—subordination to the superior race—*is the natural and normal condition of the negro.* . . . . "The stone which the builders rejected is become the chief stone of the corner of our new structure."

Hear Colonel Mason, of Virginia, speak as in the spirit of prophecy :

Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. THEY BRING THE JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN ON A COUNTRY. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. *By an inevitable chain of cause and effect, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities.*"

Now listen to his recreant Grandson, Senator Mason, author of the infamous Fugitive Slave bill :

"*The mind of the South has undergone a change*, and it is now almost a universal belief in the South, not only that the condition of African bondage in their midst is the best condition to which the African race has ever been subjected, *but that it has the effect of ennobling both races, the white and the black.*" . . . . "*Make the laboring man the slave of one*

man, instead of the slave of society, and he would be better off. Two hundred years of liberty have made the white laborers a pauper banditti—Free society has failed, and that which is not free must be substituted."

The venerated John Jay said:

"While America supports slavery her prayers to Heaven will be impious."

Now note the sentiments of a latter-day saint—Hon. W. B. Gaulden, of Georgia:

"I believe were it in the power of this country to *strike down slavery it would put back civilization two hundred years.*"

That eloquent patriot, James Otis, said:

"There can be no prescription old enough to supersede the law of Nature, and the grant of God Almighty who has given *all men the right to be free.*"

Now listen to this defilement from the lips of that pro-slavery saint, Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt:

"The sentiments which the great men of the Revolution entertained upon the question of slavery are immaterial to me. The institution had not been discussed; its character and capacities had not been tested; besides, *they were imbued with the influence of the French encyclopedists, and were affected by the abstractions of the Declaration of Independence. . . . . Slavery was before the Constitution, is above the Constitution, and will be after the Constitution.*"

Jefferson said:

"*One day of American slavery is worse than a thousand years of that which we rose in arms to oppose.* . . . I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just. . . . The Almighty has no attribute that can take sides with us in a contest between enslavers and enslaved."

Mr. Brown, recent U. S. Senator from Mississippi, said:

"I want Cuba, Potosi, and other Mexican States; and I want them all for the planting and spreading of slavery. *I would spread the blessings of slavery, like the religion of our Divine Master, to the uttermost ends of the earth.*"

Mark the language of the venerable John Quincy Adams:

"It perverts human reason, *and induces men endowed with logical powers to maintain that slavery is sanctioned by the Christian religion.*"

Now that of U. S. Senator Clay of Alabama:

"A cordon of free States must never be allowed to surround the *God-given institution of slavery.* The beautiful tree must not thus be girdled that it may wither and die."

Listen to the sentiments of the Virginia Legislature; as late even as 1832; Mr. Powell said:

"I can scarcely persuade myself that there is a solitary gentleman in this House who will not readily admit that *slavery is an evil*, and that its removal, if practicable, is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. *I have not heard, nor do I expect to hear, a voice raised in this Hall to the contrary.*"

In proof of the degrading change since that date, hear U. S. Senator Hunter, also from Virginia:

"When I first entered the Federal councils, which was at the commencement of Mr. Van Buren's Administration, the moral and political *status* of the slavery question was very different from what it now is. *Then the Southern men themselves, with but few exceptions, admitted slavery to be a moral evil*, and palliated and excused it upon the plea of necessity."

The great Henry Clay said:

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, no, *never*—by word or thought, by mind or will—aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the *everlasting curse of human bondage.*"

The little John Pettit, Senator from Indiana said:

"If 'old Abe' will come to me, I'll tell him how to stop this rebellion. *Extend slavery over every State in the Union and the rebellion will be stopped in sixty days.*"

John Randolph said:

"I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North who rises to defend slavery on principle."

Charles O'Connor of New York says:

"Since the foundation of this Republic, *negro slavery has ever been a main pillar of our strength.. . . . to vindicate its essential justice and morality*, in all courts and places, before men and nations, is the *duty* of every American citizen. . . . If this proposition be not true, no honest man ought to desire the permanency of our Republic; if it *be true, the black republican doctrine is a treasonable and destructive fallacy"!*

Consider how radical the change since the days of the Fathers, and mark the degrading effects of slavery upon both slave-holders and dough-faces. Mr. Fitzhugh, the celebrated Southern author writes, thus:

"We do not adopt the theory that *Ham* was the ancestor of the negro race. The Jewish slaves *were not negroes*, and to confine the justification of slavery to that race, would be to weaken its Scriptural authority, and to lose the whole weight of profane authority, *for we read of no negro*

slavery in ancient times. SLAVERY, BLACK OR WHITE, IS RIGHT AND NECESSARY."

The *New York Day-Book* thus endorses it, in speaking of poor white people:

"*Sell the parents of these children into Slavery.* Let our Legislature *pass a law* that whoever will take care of them and their offspring, shall be legally entitled to their services."

Hear the Richmond *Whig* speak of the North:

"*We must bring these enfranchised slaves back to their true condition.* They have long, very properly, looked upon themselves as our social inferiors—*as our serfs.*"

The Detroit *Free Press*, chimes in thus:

"History will relate that we, *the North*, manufactured the conflict, and forced it to hot-bed precocity."

Note the principles of the so-called Confederacy, proclaimed by the Richmond *Examiner:*

"The establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct *reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age.* For Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, *we have deliberately substituted Slavery, subordination and government.* . . . . The South *now* maintains that Slavery is right, natural and necessary, and does not depend upon the difference of complexion. The *laws* of the Slave States justify the holding of *white men* in bondage."

Let Senator Clark, of Wisconsin, make the last dough-face response:

"THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANYTHING CALLED FOR BY THE SOUTH, AND THERE NEVER CAN BE, THAT I WOULD NOT WILLINGLY CONSENT TO"!

Towards him, and those like him, considering the outrages borne by the North, I feel as did the minister when a noisy brother beseeching converts to come forward, said: "It is free to all; come without money and without price. I have been a member of the Church for twenty years, and it has never cost me a cent!" Upon which the minister piously ejaculated: "*May God have mercy on your poor, miserable soul!*"

But enough of such imbecility and sacrilege. I close the record with the testimony of that great and good divine, John Wesley:

"*American Slavery is the vilest that ever saw the sun—the sum of all villainies. Slave-dealers are the worst of thieves, in comparison with whom*

highway robbers and housebreakers are innocent. SUSTAINERS OF SLAVERY ARE CONFEDERATES OF DEVILS."

Read page after page of the sublime utterances of the fathers, in contrast with the vile expectorations of their degenerate sons. No wonder they do not even *pretend* to represent our noble ancestors. As well might Satan, from the depths of perdition, claim to represent the celestial realms from which he departed.

FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE REBELLION.

Consider for a moment also, how they inaugurated this Rebellion. Were they like the fathers "patient, deliberate and forbearing under long sufferings, persuading and supplicating for a redress of grievances in most humble terms?" On the contrary, have I not shown that the South was always the aggressor, while we bowed to her insults and injuries so meekly that she derided, even if she did not doubt, our manhood? Under the arrogant assumption, or blind delusion that Slavery was a blessing and slave-mongers our superiors, she assumed the right to rule the nation; and even on the floor of the Senate bludgeoned our representative to death's door for uttering the sentiments of Hancock and Adams. She whipped school-mistresses, and mobbed ministers whom we sent in the vain attempt to civilize and christianize her people; while those of our business men who ventured among them, at all tinctured with the liberty-loving spirit of our fathers, were brow-beaten, maltreated, and not unfrequently murdered! *This is "the Union as it was"!* But there is a limit to human endurance.

> "The cup is full! They thought ye blind:
> The props of State they undermined;
> Abused your trust, your strength defied,
> And stained the Nation's name of pride.
> Now lift to Heaven your loyal brows,
> Swear once again your fathers' vows,
> And cut through traitor hearts a track
> To nobler fame and freedom back!"

How gradually the North arose under these outrages! With what anxiety all but craven-hearted things watched that resurrection! What music to their ears—what endearing recollec-

tions in the names of Burlingame and Potter—that at last a Northern man had been found willing to shoot the bully Brooks; or with an appetite take a slice from the contemptible Prior! As for myself, I love peace—it is almost the only thing for which I would fight; but I never think of those men who stood up thus early vindicating the manhood of the North, without thankfulness and gratitude. Yes, *I love peace!*

> "Still, still, whene'er the battle word
> Is Liberty—when men do stand
> For justice and their native land—
> Then Heaven bless the SWORD!"

Having stated the grievances so meekly borne by the South, shall I add a history of the frauds, perjury and violence by which organized and unscrupulous minorities plucked State after State from the glorious constellation, against the votes and declared wishes of a majority of their citizens, forcing them into the hated Confederacy. The outrages perpetrated on our loyal brothers who thus suffered, will furnish a page for the future historian, over which the eyes shall grow dim and the heart sick.

The cotton States seceded months before Buchanan ceased to disgrace the White House, and even the so-called Confederate Congress met in Montgomery early in February preceding Lincoln's inauguration. But I need not take time to cite proofs that the Government had done nothing to furnish even a *pretext* for dissolution. They themselves admitted it had not, and boldly proclaimed they had plotted treason for years!

The Montgomery *Advertiser* stated:

"Secession has been thought of for forty years; *for ten years it has been the all-absorbing theme.*"

Mr. Keitt said:

"I have been engaged in this movement *ever since I entered political life.*"

Mr. Inglis said:

"Most of us have had this matter under consideration for the *last twenty years.*"

Mr. Parker said :

"It is no spasmodic effort that has come suddenly upon us, but it has been gradually culminating for a *long series of years.*"

Mr. Rhett said :

"The secession of South Carolina is not the event of a day. It is not anything produced by Mr. Lincoln or by the non-execution of the fugitive slave law. *It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years.*"

To the oft-repeated question then, "what *did* cause the South to secede," I repeat—*Slavery.* As year after year she departed from the teachings of the fathers, and wandered off after this strange god ; as she learned to hate Liberty and proclaim the divinity of Slavery, she grew restless under her contact with Freedom, and hated the North because she did not poison the free air of '76. The South feared the *free ideas* of the North, not the Government ; and when in the moral progress of events the Nation expressed doubts of the divinity of Slavery, and an unwillingness to extend it as a blessing—as shown in electing Abraham Lincoln—she saw the hand-writing on the wall, and trembled as did the knees of Belshazzar, and being like her bible prototypes, possessed of a devil, rushed into the sea of her destruction. Surely "*whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.*"

She imitated the wisdom of the Irishman, who while being lowered into a well, became frightened, and called to those above to hoist him. On their paying no heed he called the louder : "Pull me up !" and at length in a threatening manner shouted : "*Pull me up, boys, or be jabers I'll cut the rope !*" The old proverb says, "Truth lies at the bottom of the well." *There* is where the South will find it, now that she has cut the rope !

Had I time to state the facts and figures, to give the statistics of States and parts of States, it would show beyond controversy that *the Rebellion is but a reflection of Slavery ;*—following its outline as unmistakably as does the shadow the substance. In fact, Slavery is but another name for Rebellion ; its existence is disloyalty at the South ; sympathy for it begets treason at the North, *and hatred of democracy and humanity every-*

where. In proof that these statements are unquestionable, the following admissions from Mr. Stephens, high-priest of the bogus Confederacy, must suffice:

"Our new Constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions. African Slavery, as it exists amongst us, is the proper *status* of the negro in our form of civilization. THIS WAS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF THE LATE RUPTURE AND PRESENT REVOLUTION."

Here he unblushingly proclaims that more effectually to protect and perpetuate Slavery, they would destroy a government of which immediately preceding the rebellion, (Nov. 14, 1860,) in the Georgia House of Representatives, he was constrained to speak as follows:

"I look upon this country, with its institutions, as the Eden of the world—*the paradise of the universe.* It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous; but I am candid and sincere in telling you, that I fear if we rashly evince passion and without sufficient cause shall take that step, that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous and happy—instead of becoming gods, *we shall become demons*, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats."

Again, at Milledgeville, in December following, he said:

"Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit round our globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy? I think that one of the evils that beset us is a SURFEIT OF LIBERTY, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which *we are ungrateful.*"

Even as late as the Georgia Convention of January, 1861, he made these remarkable declarations:

"I must declare here, as I have often done before, that which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most inspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon. . . . . When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably invite and call forth; when our green fields of waving harvests shall be trodden down by the murderous soldiery; the fiery car of war sweeping over our land; our temples of justice laid in ashes; all the horrors and desolations of war upon us; who but this Convention will be held responsible for it? and who but him who has

given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure (as I honestly think and believe) *shall be held to strict account for this suicidal act, by the present generation, and probably cursed and execrated by posterity for all coming time, for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetrate?*

"Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will even satisfy yourselves in calmer moments—what reasons you can give to your fellow-sufferers in the calamity that it will bring upon us! What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case, and *to what cause or one overt act can you name or point, on which to rest the plea of justification?* What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one Governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government at Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I CHALLENGE THE ANSWER!"

Thus it is, that with no cause of complaint, no fancied wrongs even to redress, *but impelled wholly and alone by the diabolical spirit of Slavery*, the attempt is made to overthrow and destroy "THE BEST AND FREEST GOVERNMENT THAT THE SUN OF HEAVEN EVER SHONE UPON."

I need not stop to argue the question of the right of secession. With those conversant with the history of the formation of the Government, it never had a feather's weight. The nation has embodied its answer in a half million of men under arms. The *traitors* might leave the country for their country's good; but think of the absurdity of their stealing immense territories like Texas, Louisiana and Florida—paid for out of the National Treasury—that required all the power of the Government to raise them to the dignity of States, whilst they had hardly people enough to protect themselves against their own alligators!

REBEL BARBARITIES.

Having thus inaugurated this base Rebellion, under circumstances of unparalleled perfidy, has Slavery shown any *abatement* of its black-hearted instincts? Is it shown in burning an unoffending town like Lawrence, and the indiscriminate murder of all ages, sexes and conditions; in the butchery of

whole garrisons, as at Plymouth and Fort Pillow, and in the merciless slaughter of three thousand unoffending old men, women and children at Brashear City? Indeed, where has it not shown an utter want of both honor and humanity? Its defenders have violated flags of truce; sent their unexchanged soldiers to the field in violation of the rules of war; poisoned wells and food; hunted loyal Union men with blood-hounds to fill their sweeping conscriptions; scourged, beaten, and even hung old gray-haired women for daring to love their country's flag—as in the case of Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Riddle, one seventy and the other eighty-five; hung men for hesitating to take their bogus currency—old and young for the crime of loving their country—making the father sit beneath the gallows while they strangled his son, and then with jeers and oaths hung the father beside him; left bodies mutilated by railroad tracks, "slowing" the trains as they passed, amid the cheers, waving of handkerchiefs and exultation of both men and women; cut off the heads of the dead to make drinking cups—boiling the flesh from bodies that they might the more easily obtain the bones for trinkets and keepsakes! How they seized and then cruelly shot down innocent citizens at Marshall, N. C., among them Little Willie Shelton, a child of twelve! He implored the men not to shoot him in the face. "You have killed my father and brothers, you have shot my father in the face; do not shoot me." He covered his face with his hands. The soldiers received the order to fire, and five more fell. Poor Little Willie was wounded in both arms. He ran to an officer, clasped him around the legs, and besought him to spare his life. "*You have killed my old father and my three brothers; you have shot me in both arms—I forgive you all this—I can get well. Let me go home to my mother and sisters.*" The little boy was dragged back to the place of execution; again the terrible word "fire!" was given, and he fell dead, eight balls having entered his body!

God grant that these fiendish murderers may have meted out to them speedy and retributive justice, and may He extend His protecting arm over our outraged and suffering countrymen. Their wrongs and their blood cry out to Heaven for ven-

geance; and the Government would be imperatively bound, not only from a sense of gratitude, but by every instinct of justice, to continue the war, if for no other reason than the vindication of these persecuted Loyalists and their deliverance from the blood-stained hands of their traitor enemies. May angels strengthen them in this, the hour of their severe affliction, and in our nation's future, while traitors are left to rot in dishonored graves, may these tried patriots ever be remembered in the grateful prayers of the just and true, and embalmed in the hearts of loyal millions!

Officers of the Chicago Marine Brigade state:

"At Tensas Bayou we were horrified at finding the burned skeletons of white officers, who in command of colored troops were captured at Milliken's Bend. In many cases these officers had been nailed to trees and crucified; a fire was built, and they suffered slow death from broiling. Other officers were nailed to slabs placed against a house which was set on fire by the inhuman demons, the poor sufferers being roasted alive. The charred and partially burned limbs were still fastened to the trees and slabs!"

Consider for another example the following from the Report of the War Committee of the massacre at Fort Pillow:

"The rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white or black, soldiers or civilians. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work. Men, women and children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten and hacked with sabers. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers while being shot. The sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels even entering the hospital buildings and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them where they lay. All who asked for mercy were answered by the most cruel taunts and sneers. No cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise was omitted. Huts and tents, in which many of the wounded had sought shelter, were set on fire; men were deliberately nailed to the floor, face upwards, to the side of buildings, and thus burned to death; some were even buried alive! These fiendish barbarities being perpetrated, not only at the time of the attack, but the next day in cold blood. All these horrid facts being established by the sworn testimony of fifty-seven victims, some of whom were blind, their eyes having been punched out by bayonets, and many actually dying, or on their death-beds. A scene of cruelty and murder without parallel in civilized warfare, which

needed but the tomahawk and scalping-knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages!"

Having refused to exchange, they have neglected to feed prisoners or to allow us to do so; confined them in filthy and loathsome pens, frequently without clothing, where they have been frozen and so often starved as to convert their miserable quarters into *dens of starving maniacs*—at Saulsbury twenty being driven crazy at one time by their sufferings. Still worse at Richmond! Most of the men returned are mere skeletons, who have to be sent immediately to the hospitals, and many carried from the boats on stretchers, having been designedly subjected to unnecessary amputations and barbarously mutilated—our surgeons declaring that in many cases not more than one-half or two-thirds returned can possibly live. The reports of the Committees of the Senate and House more than confirm these outrages. They state that it would be impossible to exaggerate the cruelties committed—that they are so general and persistent as to constrain them to believe—especially since prisoners at Richmond are treated the worst, that the rebel authorities have pre-determined so to reduce our soldiers by inhuman treatment and actual starvation, as entirely to unfit them for further service. Men are shot down even for violating rules of which they know nothing; one soldier being shot for simply waving an adieu with his hand to a released comrade. These things have been winked at, if not instigated by Jeff. Davis and those high in authority, and repeatedly sanctioned through their public presses; Richmond papers proclaiming, "*Repeat Fort Pillow; repeat Plymouth*, and it will bring the Yankees to their senses!" Thus, through their own presses, and the words of their own mouths; through our own high officers, civil and military; through congressional committees; by the universal and convicting testimony of dying victims, and in ways innumerable, *these inhuman barbarities are established by evidences overwhelming and conclusive.*

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

I have had occasion to speak much of evils deserving condemnation. I have yet to speak of "Copperheads;" and that

the *spirit* in which I condemn may not be misunderstood, a word, not of apology, but of explanation. While I despise those mealy-mouthed, willy-wonty, canny-canty, white-livered individuals who never take sides without an "*if*" or a "*but*," neither have I any sympathy with unreserved and uncalled for denunciation. As for myself, if I know my own heart, I have too much charity for human nature; appreciate too highly its rights and sacredness to cause the meanest man living—mark the word—*unnecessarily* one twinge of pain, one pang of suffering, even one unpleasant thought. Regarding as I must the claims of wisdom and justice, I would above all, cultivate charity, and spread wide its broad mantle to cover the weaknesses—I had almost said the *wickednesses*—of human kind; would ever remember that we are all children of a common Father, groping our way—slowly through the darkness and soul-crucifixions of sin, though it may be—up, up to the realms of universal light and love; and that every man, be he white or black, elevated or degraded, loyalist or traitor, *is my brother.*

In the light of this gospel I would lovingly cherish the deepest, most comprehensive sympathy, and pray my heart might ever be a stranger to revenge. May God grant me that veneration for His infinite wisdom, justice and love, that through this divine Trinity I may be strengthened to act my part wisely and well; that I may venerate wisdom comprehensive, justice inexorable, and love pervading all. Justice! yet so tempered with mercy, that even in the hottest strife, with enemies personal or the enemies of mankind, I may contribute my weak efforts for the punishment of crime, and still in the spirit which ascended from the Cross, prayerfully utter from the innermost depths of my soul—"*Father forgive them, they know not what they do!*"

Must I therefore passively fold my arms while the *innocent* suffer for the *guilty?* In this world of conflict am I to make no distinction between right and wrong, good and evil? Shall I speak of Benedict Arnold as a misguided patriot, the devil as the gentleman in black, of Copperheads as decently respectable? Not a bit! My duty is to speak the truth, to aid in the punishment of crime even while I would pray for the criminal.

I do pray that the traitor and the copperhead will forsake their evil ways and stay their bloody hands; but until they do, it is the solemn obligation of all to labor for their destruction. Nor should an prayers interfere with loading cannon; "there is a fitness in things," and to-day shot and shell, more than the hymn-book, are the implements of the Christian. "There is a time for all things," and this day and hour is the time to *fight* without ceasing, and pray all you can. I trust I am understood. I would

"Naught extenuate, and nothing add,
Nor set down aught in malice."

TIME SERVERS.

I have alluded to my contempt for time servers, who are "all things to all men," here a little, there a little, and not much anywhere—always ready to compromise between the Lord and the devil, and giving the latter the long end of the whiffle-tree. We have them in this war—for us when we win, against us when we lose; like the bat, wings up, wings down, bird or beast, according to which is most likely to win—who have not manhood or courage enough to make enemies even of traitors. They are like the dying Irishman, who being called on to renounce the devil, replied: "Be jabers, and I am going to a strange country, I don't know whose hands I may fall into, and I wouldn't be after making any inemies there!" Or, as the Hoosier girl when asked by a beau:—"Sal is anybody courtin on you now?" replied: "Wal, there's one feller a sorter courtin and a sorter not, but I reckon how its more sorter not than sorter." These men are *sorter* loyal but we all reckon its more sorter *not* than sorter.

"They wire in and wire out,
And leave the people still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going South or coming back."

PEACE MEN.

Then we have *peace men*, who if not traitors, would make them if the material were strong enough—who are mildly

aquatic and timorously lacteal; who want bullets greased and rammed down with propositions of peace; constantly crying to Uncle Sam as the Irishman did to the cat: "*Hould still while I skin ye aisy!*" Who pray for the country, as the man did for negro Tom in whom he had a half-interest,—"Lord bless nigger Tom, *especially my half!*" Who are willing the Union should be reconstructed provided the tail can control; but this is contrary to nature, as is clearly shown by the philosophy of Lord Dundreary, who asks—"why doth the dog waggle hith tail? Becauth the dog ith stwonger than the tail. If he wathen't, the tail would waggle the dog."

You cry peace! *peace!* when there is no peace. If in blissful ignorance of this fact, let the roar of cannon and the shrieks of the dying open your deaf ears—the glitter of bayonets and the flash of sabres open your blind eyes! He who now cries "peace" amid the hissing of shot and shell, his voice drowned by the jeers of his enemies and the groans of his dying comrades, is too weak for Heaven, too pusillanimous for hell.

COPPERHEADS.

I wish I had time to show more fully the treasonable position of the classes named, and of *Copperheads*, and how they are despised even by the South whose dogs they are. But they are "known and read of all men." "The poison of asps is under their lips; with their tongues they have used deceit." They promised to make Northern cities run with blood; to go to the aid of the South even, showing they were *mean and malicious* enough to assassinate their country, but *too cowardly* to strike the blow.

The Tories of the Revolution were patriots in comparison; they had a pretext for an excuse; their friends and kindred were in the mother-country; it was but recently their home; if the government had persecuted, it had also protected; the colonies were few in number, and the result doubtful. But Copperheads would assassinate their own country, that they have known only in its blessings; with polluted hands would uproot the tree of liberty, beneath whose branches they have been sheltered—would strike down the mother who bore them;

and are as much worse than Tories as he who murders his own household is than he who wars against the stranger. Yet the Tories were exiled; driven into a dreary province, and went down to ignominious graves, "unwept, unhonored and unsung," each succeeding generation cursing their memories with accumulated indignation. And Copperheads will be remembered with burning scorn and contempt; an indignant people shall scourge them from the Temple of Liberty which they have defiled; and their children, from very shame, shall refuse to bear their names. They love slavery, and rather than have universal freedom, would celebrate its funeral rites amid the orgies and imprecations of traitors. Hear Parson Brownlow speak from experience: "If I owed the devil a debt to be discharged by the rendering up to him of a dozen of the meanest, most revolting and God-forsaken wretches that ever could be culled from the ranks of depraved human society, and I wanted to pay that debt and get a premium upon the payment, I would make a tender to his satanic majesty of twelve Northern men who sympathize with this infernal rebellion."

There are no terms of condemnation strong enough, epithets bitter enough, or words mean enough to express their unspeakable meanness! I don't allow my lips to swear—hate to feel it inside—but such conduct makes me feel like the Quaker, who after trying in vain to catch his hat, said to the on-looking urchin—"Child, if thee swears, just damn yon fleeing tile fifty cents worth!" These Catalines are the offspring of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold, and would betray the nation for thirty pieces of silver smaller than their Copperhead ancestor received for betraying Christ.

I charge that your lying hypocrisy, your slimy treachery—as false to your friends as you are mean and malignant to your enemies—has so aroused the scorn of your Southern *co-workers* as to make an association with you one of the greatest barriers to reconstruction. Abolitionists they respect—you they despise! You may continue in your wickedness, opposing the government and aiding traitors, praising even the heaven-defying usurper, whose pedestal of ignoble fame is built of the bones of his dead countrymen, and whose robes of office are

stiff with the blood of murdered patriots. You may underrate and regret our victories—overrate and glory in our disasters —refuse to fight and discourage others—declare that "our soldiers ought to be shot"—causing rivers of blood, oceans of tears, a whole generation to be robed in mourning, and to go down with sorrow to their graves; still the nation will sweep on with majestic tread to its glorious future, cutting down traitors and Copperheads that would impede its march, like a mighty jungle-cleaver; bearing with irresistible power the flag of our fathers onward and upward to its high destiny.

> "The mower mows on though the adder may writhe,
> And the Copperhead curl 'round the blade of his scythe."

Mothers! look upon the murderers of your sons—they strengthened the arm that dealt the deadly blow; see the marks of blood upon their craven brows, and curse them with a mother's curse! Sisters who have brothers dead, and you who have exchanged the bridal wreath for sable robes; who have buried the object of your heart's best love—in the name of his sainted memory add your withering condemnation. Fathers, brothers, add your curse; children, hold up your little hands, and all, in the name of your beloved dead—in the name of our venerated fathers who gave their lives for this noble inheritance—in the name of this blood-bought liberty—in the name of the Constitution and the Union—in the name of civilization—in the name of Christianity—in the name of our common humanity and of God, pour on them your withering and accumulated curses, until they shall flee to the mountains and seek the caves of the earth!

> "Is there not some hidden curse,
> Some chosen thunder in the stores of heaven,
> Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
> Who seeks his greatness in his country's ruin?"

But let not our sympathy be lost in indignation and contempt. Let us pray that the genius of American liberty may descend and bring them up from their filthy surroundings—and pray in faith, believing that now, as in olden times, one may

be delivered even from the lowest hell. Perhaps encourage them with the good old hymn :—

> "While the lamp holds out to burn
> The vilest sinner may return."

NEW YORK RIOT.

You will remember the gathering in New York city, in July last, familiarly known as the Riot, or "meeting of the Governor and his friends!" Assisting as I did in quieting that Copperhead meeting, *I saw practical manifestation of the tender sympathies of "peace men!"*—a fiendish carnival of rapine and blood, of burnings, brutalities and butcheries! Peaceful men and women void of offense, aye! even innocent and helpless children, hunted through that great mart of commerce as though they were beasts of prey. And these "friends" who murdered United States soldiers, hung men to lamp-posts, or burned them to death—threw children from windows and burned orphan-asylums, were characterized by the Copperhead press as the "*excited people*"—"*honest masses stimulated to excess by a sense of wrong!*" *Somebody* called them "*my friends,*" and the most respectable of the Copperhead press printed the following—I give the exact words :

> "The men who have gone from among us to the war, who to-day guard the Capitol, and hold Lee and his men at bay among the Maryland hills, are just such men as those who have struck terror through our peaceful streets; of like passions, swayed by like motives, to be kindled with the same patriotic fire."

Our brave army of the Potomac *just such men as these!* actuated by *like motives*; such as this off-scouring of creation who are alike the disgrace and curse even of the Sodom of our nation—this out-growth of dark alleys, dens of infamy, cess-pools and by-ways to perdition; who came wallowing through the slime of their sins, and the filth of their iniquities—this black-hearted horde of mean, low-lived "rapscallions," which, should hell take an emetic it could hardly hope to equal—*such creatures like the heroes that have gone forth to battle!* In behalf of the nation, I repudiate it; and in the name of the noble army of the Potomac, I pronounce it a base, malignant and unmiti-

gated lie! The spirit that prompted it is beneath contempt, and I marvel that Heaven did not palsy the hand that wrote it, and turn the ink with which it was printed to unwonted blackness!

Had Meade been defeated, as they hopefully expected, what terminated in a riot would have culminated in a revolution. Circulars issued the night of July 3d—the tone of their presses—the speeches of their orators—the subsequent expressions of male and female rioters, combined with cheers for Jeff. Davis—and *others*, whose names out of respect to their friends I'll not mention—the tearing down and trampling upon the American Flag amid the jeers and curses of the crowd, showed beyond question, cavil or doubt, that they were acting in the *spirit of treason*, and of their *real*, though unseen leaders. Hence these frantic efforts to stop the draft; hence the fiendish malignity manifested towards Abolitionists and negroes; and the crowning fact, that all the rioters arrested were known and noisy partisans of the slave-holder's Rebellion.

SLAVERY THE GREAT CRIMINAL.

Slavery is indeed the mother of crimes—the great generating pool of criminals. Copperheads, traitors, riots and rebellion are but its natural out-growth—its logical and legitimate issue; and are, in their unalloyed wickedness, every way worthy of their diabolical source. The words have yet to be coined that can describe it. It towers above all language of condemnation, and in its inborn depravity mocks at all forms of human expression. Satan himself might exhaust his fiendish resources and not do justice to its enormity.

The title to every human being is in himself, GOD-GIVEN. It is stamped in every part of his being—written in his very blood, and proclaimed in his every heart-throb. That power which assumes to take it from him, whether an individual or a nation, is a robber and an assassin. To attempt it, short of a decree from the Almighty, is hell-born audacity! All our country's wealth; its costly edifices; its structures of towering magnificence, are insignificant in the sight of God, compared with the shivering black woman who pleads at the base of our Capitol;

and to-day, under Providence, this nation is being taught, in the severe school of affliction, *the sacredness of human nature.*

Oh, SLAVERY! Thou incarnation of sin! Thou accursed fiend that infused poison into our country's cradle, corrupted her youth, brutalized her manhood, and gangrened the body politic to the very bone! that now, fired by malignant instincts would drive the shafts of persecution and malice to the very coffin-lids of the fathers, and rob their sons of a noble inheritance—*the day of thy judgment has come!* What canst thou plead in thy defense? what good thing hast thou done, or evil left undone? what redeeming virtue hast thou? what canst thou say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon thee, according to the law of God's justice? America will bear thy polluted stain no longer, and has sworn to heaven that thou and thy foul offspring, secession, shall be buried in the same grave!

PATRIOTISM—OUR SOLDIERS.

Now let us turn to a more inviting subject. Preëminent as has been our nation heretofore in civilization and enlightenment, it will be more distinguished hereafter for the transcendent patriotism of its people and heroism of its soldiers. In loans to the Government, through sanitary commissions, and in ways innumerable, the people have manifested a spirit of self-sacrifice, and poured forth their treasure with a prodigal liberality beside which that of ancient Rome and Greece grows dim; while our brave armies have encircled the brow of the nation with a halo of glory. Never can we repay the unnumbered heroes, who, bidding farewell to home, friends and all that men hold dear, have gone forth to offer up their blood as holy incense on their country's altar—who throwing themselves into the deadly breach, in blaze of sun, in blinding snows, in hunger and thirst, have borne long wearisome marches, forded swollen torrents, stood on the lonely night-watch, languished in filthy prisons, and nobly faced privations, pain and death that the nation might live. These, indeed, are the demigods of Liberty. Theirs is the quiet, unassuming and heroic virtue—dazzled by no mad ambition, yet firm as adamant, in the sub-

lime faith that they are fighting the battles of God and liberty. You looked in their faces as they marched from home to the tented fields, with music of fife and drum and glittering steel, with firm tread but with hearts overflowing with emotion. They pressed your hands—you watched their receding banners, as they fluttered in the breeze, and from the depths of your hearts prayed God to protect the loved ones. Months and years have gone by; many have died gloriously in battle, others of lingering disease, and not a few have been murdered by our "Southern brethren."—Even *now* the air is thick with the smoke of battle; the green sod of Virginia and Georgia is matted with their blood; their bodies lie unburied on the cold earth, and their souls have gone to their reward.—Some are maimed and helpless; many, thank God! still live to receive our gratitude and blessings—battle-scarred and war-worn; still, with undying patriotism, ready to fight for liberty and their country.

Behold their deeds of valor! See the old Massachusetts Second in the deadly conflict at Gettysburg; its commanding officers killed, and when five standard-bearers were shot down in succession, the staff was grasped by one after another with such eager heroism that the old flag never touched the ground!

Contemplate that artillery officer in the South-west, who, when his comrades were killed, calmly seated himself on his cannon, fighting, revolver in hand, surrendering only to death!

Behold the brave, beautiful and talented "Boy Brittan," on the blood-washed deck of the Essex! He was Master's Mate to Commodore Porter. Twenty minutes before the surrender of Fort Henry, amid the storm of shot and shell, he was requested by his Commander to take to the casemates. He begged the privilege of remaining at his side; and, while with cutlass in hand, cheering on the tried men at the guns, a cannon-ball carried away the back part of his head, but mercifully sparing his beautiful face, radiant, even in death, with the smile of assured victory!

Hear General Rice say to his soldiers, "Turn me over, that I may die face to my country's foes!"

See Major Barnum of the Twelfth New York, wounded and

apparently dying, asked by a friend if he had any message, answered, "Tell my wife my last thoughts were of her, my boy, and the flag!"

Behold that soldier bleeding at every pore and in the last agonies of death; his wife bending over him asks, "Is the country worth all this?" The patriot summoning all his strength replies—"*Ten thousand times this*," and dies!

Thou accursed Copperhead! It takes such blood as *this*, to wipe the crimson stain of thy guilt from the nation's brow.

I bow to American soldiers with a respect and reverence I could not yield to king or monarch. Well may the nation honor them—their heroic patience, their sublime faith, their undying patriotism; well may we bedew their graves with our tears; their way to glory is one of suffering and sacrifice: far from kindred, tortured with thirst, no friendly voice to administer comfort, no kind hand to give a cup of water, or staunch their wounds; no solace but death's fevered dreams bringing up home and the dear ones whom they will never meet till in the better land! Many a noble one has died thus; others have returned to us weary, wasted, bronzed and battle-scarred;—mere shadows of the stalwart men they were; wan and weak they totter through our streets like aged men. Let the nation give them her sympathy and protection. Let her enshrine in her heart the living and the dead, and crown them with flowers of affection. Heaven bless our soldiers!

"From blasts that chill, and suns that smite,
From every plague that harms;
In camp, in march, in field, in fight,
O God, protect our men at arms!"

PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

Consider likewise the patriotism of our women—not the fiendish frenzy shown by their sisters reared under the influence of Slavery, but the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, serene patience and sublime faith. How they have toiled to relieve the sufferings and promote the comfort of our soldiers! How many a wife and mother among our poor country-women has struggled one long weary year after another, tortured by suspense, and

agonized with the fear that the beloved head and hope of the family might never return! With what anxiety—battle after battle—she glances over the long list of the dead, and how at lonely eve tears have come unbidden, as her little children have offered up their nightly prayer for the father's safety and return; and yet, poor, desolate and alone, for her country's sake patiently enduring all, without murmur or complaint. How have even widowed mothers given up their only sons, orphaned sisters their brothers, and the new-made bride the dearest offering of her heart, it may be to fall in battle, perchance to linger in prison, or to die amidst scenes of cruelty and suffering, the mere thought of which makes the cheek blanch, the brain reel, and the soul sick.

Consider Mrs. Belle Reynolds following her husband through the terrible battles of the South-west—with a brace of pistols for her own protection, and appliances for our mangled soldiers; laboring night and day after some awful carnage, not knowing whether her husband is among the living or the dead;—acting with such dauntless and persistent bravery that the Governor of Illinois commissioned her a Major in the army.

Hear Mrs. Booth after the cruel butchery at Fort Pillow, and the murder of her husband who was in command. She takes the flag stiff with blood and presents it to the fourteen noble survivors who were drawn up to receive it, addressing them in these immortal words—"Boys, I have given to my country all I had to give—my husband—such a gift! Yet I have freely given him for freedom and my country. Next to my husband's cold remains, the dearest object left me in the world, is this flag—the flag that waved in proud defiance over the works at Fort Pillow! Soldiers! this flag I give to you, knowing that you will ever remember the last words of my noble husband: 'NEVER SURRENDER THE FLAG TO TRAITORS!'"

The wife of General Wallace summoned to the bloody field of Shiloh, and finding her husband dead from his wounds, with her heart crucified with such agonies as only a bereaved wife can feel—moved by the sufferings around her—crushed back her own sorrows, and labored all night to relieve the wounded and dying companions of her brave, dead husband. Well may it be

said—"Woman, thou angel of humanity; last at the cross and earliest at the grave!"

COLORED SOLDIERS.

I need not speak of the policy of arming the black man. Time has solved that. The question *was*, what could we do with the slaves; the question *is*, what could we do without them? At Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, Olustee, Fort Pillow, Petersburg and Fort Wagner, they have written their record with their blood—extorting even unwilling gratitude and admiration. Many have been their acts of personal bravery.

See Robert Small risking a cruel death in taking the steamer Planter out of Charleston harbor—remember Tilman who almost single-handed and alone conquered a pirate crew and brought both prisoners and vessel safe into port. Or that heroic black on the Pawnee, who, while passing shell from the magazine lost both legs by a ball, yet resolutely held the shell in his hands, crying —"pass along the shell, never mind me, my time is up!" Or the brave Sergeant Kearney, the color-bearer of the glorious Massachusetts 54th. Said the noble Shaw—"I cannot tell you where to bear the flag, but it will be safe to keep it near me"—and when that brave Colonel fell most of his guard fell with him. The heroic Kearney who had the flag, which Governor Andrews gave to his keeping, fell shattered with balls; still bearing the banner aloft, he tore the flag from the staff, and foot by foot, this colored hero dragged his mangled body to the camp, and gasping said, "Boys, I fell, but the old flag never touched the ground!"

It was beneath twenty such soldiers, that rebel malice buried the gallant Shaw. His parents wisely left him in the grave with his brave comrades. What a heroic death! what an honored grave! Who, appreciating its sublime significance, would exchange that silent, solemn resting-place, amid the sands of Carolina for the noblest monument of antiquity?

"The bones of those black soldiers, who with him
Charged into Death, and met it, calm and grim,

Lie silent there above him; and the bones
More honor give than sculptor's graven stones.
Let marble rise there, also; but the dead
Form still a nobler pile above his head."

THE ADMINISTRATION.

Placing principles before men, and believing, as I do, that the nation should give its undivided energies to the war, it was no part of my present purpose to make a political speech. I need not now stop to vindicate, either the character or administration of Abraham Lincoln. The people having determined to continue him as President four years longer, there will be ample time for both, before his reëlection in November next. During that all important political campaign, I expect to have the pleasure of again addressing you, and shall hope, not only to vindicate the administration against the charges of its disloyal enemies, but also to show their treacherous conduct by indisputable facts from the record. I will now say, however, that while I could wish he had dealt more rigorously with traitors, I believe that among our patriots—and they are legion—there are none more devoted, more pure or patriotic than Abraham Lincoln.

VICTORY A QUESTION OF TIME.

Since Grant untied the knot in the Mississippi, at Vicksburg, allowing, in the words of the President, "The Father of waters to go unvexed to the sea," the nation has felt assured of ultimate triumph; and certainly now, with more than half the territory originally claimed by the rebels in our possession, and our victorious legions hanging like a storm-cloud over Atlanta and Richmond, the least hopeful must realize that it is but a question of time. I have never felt that the nation was sick unto death; nor have I looked for a speedy peace. Being a war of *principle*, it must necessarily be desperate and exhaustive; but in sacrifices and blood the nation shall pass the Red Sea to its deliverance.

Universal experience teaches that all wars, however brilliant and successful, are unequal in their progress to the expectations of the people. Therefore, let us possess our souls in patience,

knowing the "last ditch" will ere long be reached. We shall probably encounter checks—it may be disasters—but shall never return to the policy and dark days of our "first Napoleon;" nor to his anaconda, which, under his soothing tactics, did not even flop its tail once in a twelve-month, and when stirred up by a foe, was, under the peculiar strategy of its manager made to face the wrong way, and squeeze the keeper instead of pressing the enemy! What dark days those were! How patronisingly we treated the Rebellion! What tenderness to traitors! Our soldiers, weary from a long day's march, were detailed to guard rebel garners, and not unfrequently were found next morning, murdered at their posts, or dangling from the limb of some neighboring tree; while, by purchasing of traitors, we poured forth our treasures to invigorate the Rebellion! When the black man risked more than life that our army might not be misled, or betrayed, he was mercilessly delivered over to a fate worse than death. Save the fearful inroads of disease and the destroying angel, how terribly "quiet" was all on the Potomac! How that noble army ditched and died! How patriots prayed that it might have a leader worthy of itself, and how thankful all are that such a leader has at last been given—in a Grant who "moves on the enemies works;" keeps his foes before him; and will "fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer"—the chosen Moses that is to lead our armies to the long promised land!

Of him who for years paralyzed that heroic army, I will not trust myself to speak. I leave him to the avenging pages of history, which, I trust, the discretion of his friends and the generosity of his foes will forever leave undisturbed.

OUR POSITION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In his own good time and way, when worthy of it, God will save the nation; and well may the thoughtful patriot watch our *moral* progress with even more anxiety than the advance of our armies. In the light of the great principles at issue, we cannot over-rate our individual and national responsibility. With varied hopes and fears, the eyes of the whole world are upon us—the despot desiring our destruction, the down-trodden

our success. We contend against the imprecations of the wicked, but are aided by the prayers of the good. Let us be equal to this great responsibility and fulfill our high destiny. Let us make no attempt to cheat the Almighty, but build on a sure foundation, recognizing one great human heart, one broad universal justice. Avoiding the mistake made by the fathers of laying one corner-stone on Plymouth rock, and another on the quagmire of Southern slavery, let us build on the granite of God's justice, and in the spirit of universal liberty.

Standing by the graves of our fathers, drawing wisdom from the spirit of the past, light from the living present, faith and courage from the eternal future, let us swear to perfect their noble design. To this end, let every one strengthen our brave brothers in arms. Fathers, aid them with your counsel; mothers, pray for them in your heaven-born influence; young man, young woman, at home and abroad, by the wayside and the fireside, in public and in private, stand for this imperiled cause. Stand for your brothers, struggling for your country and mine, and treat with unmitigated scorn the vile thing who dares let one word of reproach escape his polluted lips. Let nothing chill your enthusiasm for the right—your utter abhorrence of treason.

Heaven has ordained that our nation shall be saved only by vigorous means and thorough work. Slow to fight, let us show Slavery we fight but once! and that in the language of the great English statesman—"No sword is sharper than that forged from the plow-share, no spear more deadly than that from the pruning hook."

> "Slow to resolve, be swift to do!
> Teach ye the False how fight the True!
> How bucklered Perfidy shall feel
> In her black heart the Patriot's steel;
> How sure the bolt that justice wings;
> How weak the arm a traitor brings;
> How mighty they, who steadfast stand
> For Freedom's Flag and Freedom's Land!"

We are testing on a bloody battle-field the brutal challenge that "free laborers are a pauper banditti"—Slave mongers the only true aristocracy—that freedom is a curse and slavery or-

dained of God!—are meeting barbarism with civilization—slave-pens with school-houses — unscrupulous tyranny with liberty! Better for us and the race that the heavens become as brass over our heads; that pestilence devastate our land; that Famine, with its cold, bony hand, lay waste the nation—even that it be blotted from physical existence, than that we prove recreant to our high trust.

"We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime.
Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with your music and your wine?
Up! It is Jehovah's rally: God's own arm hath need of thine!"

Let us then, relying on Him, grasp hands for justice and the Union; steadfast and unwavering, in war as in peace, in temporary defeat as in victory.

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEFUL.—CONCLUSION.

It seems under Providence to have been necessary, that battle-field after battle-field should be watered with the blood of our beloved—leaving hearths and hearts desolate, and piling up hecatombs of the dead—that the ark of our liberty should be tempest-tost, till it reel and quiver beneath the storm, to teach us that high and low, black and white, must sink or swim together. But with our flag now purified by this baptism, the "Old Ship of State"—clad in the full armor of justice, with Liberty as its guiding star—shall bear its precious freight across this bloody sea triumphant. God is, indeed, "on the side of the strongest battalions," but the strongest battalions are eternal principles of right. Mere physical force and material outlines come to naught, but the spirit of truth is ever victorious. Our bodies decay, our bones fret to dust, the soul wins the immortal victory!

When the fire of this Civil War shall have consumed the corrupting dross of Slavery, then, and not till then, will the Nation be welded in perfect union and love. Then no longer will the wail of the bondman mingle with the shout of the freeman; the altar-fires, kindled by the Fathers, shall never grow dim; the graves of our brave and beautiful will have borne their fruit; the din of war shall be stilled—the blood of battle-

fields dried up—the clouds lifted from the troubled face of our beloved country—the Goddess of Liberty appear crowned with a diadem of six and thirty stars—the oppressed of all nations gather beneath the folds of the old flag, as under the cooling shadow of a great rock, and ours shall be, indeed, "the chosen land of liberty!" Men and angels shall rejoice—the morning stars sing together—the birds warble a more joyous song—the air of heaven seem purer and brighter, and all Nature join to swell the glad anthem of our NATION'S DELIVERANCE!

Hark! there comes the sweep of wings;
Holy angels hover near!
Earth their heavenly chorus rings,
—"Glory to the King of Kings,
PEACE AND PURITY ARE HERE!"